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VEHICULAR STATISTICS OF LONDON.

NO. I.—OMNIBUSES.

It has been calculated that the enormous concourse of houses through which the river Thames threads its long and devious way, known as London, spreads over an area not much under twenty square miles. Taking in, however, its suburbs, chiefly consisting of the towns and villages which have been gradually linked with it by long chains of bricks and mortar, the whole circumference of the metropolis may be about fifty miles. Within this fifty-mile circle there reside upwards of two millions of human beings.

It is quite clear that to keep up that intercourse with one another which is essential to men residing in the same town, the natural means of locomotion are quite inadequate. To provide, therefore, more convenient, rapid, and less fatiguing means of transport, vehicles of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions, are constantly moving about the streets of London in all directions. These conveyances form to the stranger striking objects; their use helps to reconcile him to the bewildering distances at which his acquaintance live apart, affording him cheap and ready locomotion from and to any part of the town, at any hour of the day or even of the night he may need it. The vehicles plying in the streets of the metropolis and its suburbs for hire, chiefly consist of three kinds—omnibuses, cabs, and hackney-coaches. The statistics and management of these carriages, the laws by which they are regulated, and the peculiarities of the individuals who drive and attend to them, form a curious and interesting chapter in our social history.

By far the cheapest, best regulated, and most convenient class of vehicles are what the 6th and 7th Victoria calls 'Metropolitan Stage-Carriages.' These consist of omnibuses and stage-coaches journeying within the limits of the police district; which extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing-Cross. The rise of the system by which these conveyances are now managed is recent, and its progress has been extremely rapid. Fifteen years ago, a few very slow and unpunctual stages were the only means of transit provided for the citizens to convey them to their suburban residences. A little earlier, only one stage plied from Paddington to the Bank, along a road over which an omnibus now passes every three minutes in the day; and this single vehicle, going in the morning and returning at night, was not always full. Its fares were two shillings inside and eighteenpence outside. The same distance is now travelled over for sixpence. Stage-coaches have been almost entirely superseded by omnibuses. Perhaps the latest 'on the road' are one or two which ply between Hampstead and the city.

The change from the quiet sober proceedings of these

old-fashioned 'short' stages to the rattling activity and bustle of the new school, pictures most vividly the alteration which a few years have made in the habits and notions of the London public. Let us, for example, recall the daily routine of the vehicle which five-and-twenty years ago plied between Gracechurch Street and Peckham, a village some three miles south of London. The driver, probably an honest old broken-down guard or coachman of some 'long' stage, made his appearance in the stable-yard about an hour and a-half before the time he would be required to finish his three miles' journey. Having seen the horses 'put to,' and driven them round to the booking-office at the green grocer's to receive his orders for the day, he made his first call to take up one of those gentlemen whom he regularly drove to and fro daily. Now if, on arriving at his first patron's house, Mr Jones had not quite done breakfast; the driver made no objection to wait long enough for the leisurely imbibition of the last cup of coffee; and when, after some exercise of patience, Mr Jones was at last seated, he would drive off to Mr Smith's, who would perhaps be found waiting on his steps, having his greatcoat leisurely helped on by his maid-servant, with Mrs Smith at the parlour door wishing him good-by, and entreating him not to catch cold. The coating and shawling over, Mr Smith would get slowly into the coach, and be driven with his friend Jones to his friend Robinson's. Perhaps the last gentleman was also a little behind, and there was another delay of five minutes. At length he appears in the front garden ready to start; but lo! he has forgotten his lunch, and out rushes his wife announcing that fact, and bringing a whitish-brown parcel: out also rush seven or eight children, who call papa to account for attempting to go away without kissing them. This little family scene duly enacted, Mr Robinson really is ready, and the stage wends its way up Camberwell Lane to make its fourth call—perhaps for a maiden lady going to spend the day with a friend in town, who makes her appearance with her dress-cap carefully screwed up in an old newspaper. Meantime a few outside passengers are picked up—people in humbler circumstances, who, however much inclined, did not dare to ride inside for fear of offending the aristocratic notions of their superiors. Had, for instance, the lady with the cap found her grocer seated inside the vehicle, in the place of either of those highly 'respectable' characters, Messrs Jones, Smith, or Robinson, she would in all probability have taken away her custom both from the coachman and the tea-man. By such class-prejudices were the suburban aristocracy of London swayed only a quarter of a century ago. But now omnibuses have changed all that. When we were last in London we rode to the Bank between a peer of the realm and a common soldier!

The Peckham stage, being at length fairly upon the

road, would arrive at its destination about the appointed time—a little before ten—its passengers separating to meet again at four, and to be set down in time for a five o'clock dinner, in exactly the same order as they were taken up in the morning. Such is a fair sample of the stage vehicles of London five-and-twenty years ago. Let us now give an insight into the state of metropolitan stage-carriages at present. The change, considering the shortness of the interval, is wondrous, and it has been mainly effected by the introduction of omnibuses.

In July 1829, a coach proprietor named Shillibeer started the first omnibus that ever successfully plied in this country. Such carriages had long been common in Paris; but when, so far back as 1800, a similar vehicle was put upon the road in London with four horses, it looked so exceedingly like a hearse, that people would not ride in it. The peculiar advantage of Shillibeer's carriage was its great capacity, which enabled him to accommodate from seventeen to twenty passengers at but little greater expenditure than what was required by the old stage-coaches to convey twelve or fourteen. This caused an important reduction in the fares. Again, at least ten of the passengers were protected from bad weather; whilst, by the old system, not more than four, or at most six, could ride 'inside,' and that at nearly double the cost of outside places. Shillibeer made no difference in the charge: his omnibus was therefore much patronised. It ran between Greenwich and Charing-Cross, and was drawn with three horses abreast; but this was found not to answer, the middle horse being always severely distressed by the irregular stepping and perspiration of its neighbours. After some of the new vehicles began to run on the Paddington road—which success between Greenwich and Westminster soon led to—only two horses were used, as now.

By this time the coaching interests of the London suburbs had risen in importance. The increase of population along the various roads 'off the stones' (as those parts of London beyond the limits of the paving-stones were designated) had called out a number of short stages, a little quicker in their motions and a degree lower in their fares than the old originals. When, therefore, Shillibeer set up his omnibuses with fares still more reduced, the proprietors of the stages violently opposed him. They lowered their prices to his standard; they sent their vehicles along side of his during each journey, to annoy his passengers and seduce them from his omnibuses. At length they fought him with his own weapons, and started omnibuses of their own. Against this powerful combination he was unable to stand, and was at length 'driven off the road,' leaving behind a very great improvement in conveyances. To Shillibeer at least belongs the merit of introducing omnibuses and cheap fares into this country, and the public owe him something for the boon. He is now, we learn, trying to make head against the extravagant charges of funeral-coach providers,* having begun an establishment of his own to furnish such vehicles at a reasonable rate.

When Shillibeer left the Paddington road, the proprietors began to quarrel amongst themselves, and to oppose each other with the fiercest acrimony. The men they employed to drive and to receive the fares were coarse fellows, who used the foulest language, and performed the most reckless feats in driving and racing. To such a degree of ruffianism was this opposition carried, and so inconvenient was it to the public, that a number of gentlemen formed themselves into a society called the 'London Conveyance Company,' thus instituting a fresh opposition, and one which was sure to succeed. They started commodious vehicles, with steady drivers, whom they forbade to race, though

they exacted strict punctuality in starting and arriving. The conductors or guards were men picked out for their civil deportment and good temper. This happened in 1836, and so well did this sort of opposition answer, that the system became in a short time completely changed. The belligerent proprietors saw their error, and profited by the example of their new and orderly opponents. They shook hands, and formed themselves into an association with the view of framing and adhering to such regulations for the management of their vehicles as the London Conveyance Company had instituted and found of so much benefit. After a time, every trace of opposition was effaced, and the two companies joined to 'work the roads,' as they call it, for their mutual advantage. By this union a system has been formed by which an amount of coach accommodation is provided for the London public that twenty, or even ten years ago, could not have been dreamt of.

Before explaining this system, it is necessary to premise that Paddington is the terminus of two highly important arteries of transit in the metropolis. The northernmost is called the 'New Road,' which is nearly five miles long, ending at the Bank of England. On each side of this road is a concourse not only of houses, but—behind them—of whole neighbourhoods, some of which were in their time detached villages and hamlets surrounded by fields. They are now thickly inhabited, and as the omnibuses pass along, a constant supply of passengers to and from the city is furnished by these neighbourhoods. The other main line is even more densely populated, for it intersects the heart of the metropolis. Commencing with Oxford Street (or rather with Bayswater and Nottinghill), it is continued by St Giles's, Holborn, Skinner, and Newgate Streets, Cheapside, and the Poultry. By this road the distance is about four miles and a half. Though both these routes begin at Paddington and terminate at the Bank, in no district are they less than a mile apart, except near their confluence at either end. Consequently they are supplied by two separate services of omnibuses.

One of these—the most important establishment of this nature in London, and consequently in the world—is that which provides omnibuses for the Oxford Street route. It is called the 'London Conveyance Company,' which, besides the original shareholders of that society, consists of several of the old coach proprietors. The stock in trade of this company consists of eighty-two omnibuses, with a stud of not less than 1000 horses. Each of its carriages performs upon the average six journeys per day; so that it requires at the very least ten horses to work each omnibus, independent of casualties, which must be provided for. Instead of the poor worn-out animals which used to drag our Peckham friends to and fro, these horses are necessarily of great strength, are carefully attended to, and liberally fed. The work they do would have astonished a 'whip' of the old school. They occasionally draw over hill and level at a sharp trot not only the heavy omnibus, but nineteen or twenty persons, most of whom are above the ordinary weight; for it is your obese folks who have the smallest inclination to walk, and are consequently the most frequent customers to the conveyance companies. On the other hand, the animals are never taxed beyond their strength; it being an obvious policy to keep the cattle in good health. To this end the company engage an experienced veterinary surgeon, under whom is a staff of assistants and farriers, besides upwards of eighty horse-keepers or grooms. They employ also eighty-two conductors, and eighty-two drivers. The number of persons therefore belonging to the London Conveyance Company cannot be much under three hundred.

Thanks to this establishment, a person in haste who may be in any part of the line of route, and wish to be conveyed to another district, can assure himself that in three minutes at most an omnibus will approach to be at his service; and if it be at the busiest time of the day he will not have to wait longer than a minute

* See Mr Chadwick's report to the Poor-Law Commissioners on 'Intemperance in towns' for the particulars of some of these preposterous charges.

and a-half. To insure this, the London Conveyance Company manage thus:—At their office in Paddington, at various parts of the line, and at the city terminus, they employ time-keepers to see that the driver of each omnibus starts, arrives at certain places, and at the end of his trip at particular minutes of the day, which are allotted as his instant of appearance. In this way an omnibus starts from the company's office every minute and a-half from nine o'clock till twelve; from twelve o'clock till three an omnibus starts every two minutes; from three o'clock till five the interval are again reduced to a minute and a-half. They are increased to two minutes from five o'clock till nine at night, and then up to half-past ten o'clock the omnibuses succeed each other along the road every three minutes. Thus, from nine o'clock in the morning till half-past ten at night a constant chain of communication is kept up between Paddington and the heart of the city, the links of which may be said to vary in length from one minute and a-half to three minutes. As each vehicle performs six entire journeys, or twelve trips, the whole number of vehicles complete 492 journeys, and go over 2214 miles every day. Supposing we take as an average ten passengers for each trip, the gross receipts of the London Conveyance Company must, if that guess be an approximation to the truth, amount to £246 per diem, or £89,790 per year: this sum being contributed by the public for about three hundred and sixty-five thousand sixpenny rides. It must, however, be remembered that the company have to support an establishment of nearly 300 persons, and 1000 horses, besides keeping a stock of 82 omnibuses in repair, and paying a very heavy duty to government.

The other route to the city by way of the 'New Road' is provided with omnibuses by what is called the 'Conveyance Association.' This consists exclusively of the old masters with whom in this instance the gentlemen originally forming the London Conveyance Company are not immediately associated. The nature of the connexion between these two bodies is rather complicated. When the junction of the entire Paddington omnibus proprietary took place, some masters had omnibuses on both lines of road. It was agreed, therefore, that they should contribute such of their vehicles as ran 'over the stones' to the general stock of the London Conveyance Company; clubbing those which traversed the New Road under their own united management. The profits of each company are divided according to the number of 'turns out' (omnibuses, horses, and men) each shareholder originally contributed to the general stock. Thus supposing a proprietor to have contributed at the outset one 'turn out' to the London Conveyance Company, and another to the Association, no account is taken of the separate earnings of these particular vehicles, but one share of the gross respective earnings is awarded to him at the end of the day or week.

Belonging to the 'Association' there are fifty-five omnibuses, with the same number of conductors, drivers, and horse-keepers. They start without variation or interruption every three minutes from eight o'clock in the morning till half-past ten at night during the week; but at certain hours on Sunday the traffic being much greater, as many as thirty omnibuses begin their journeys within the hour. The regulations are precisely the same as those of the London Conveyance Company. Indeed, as above explained, some of its managing committee act for both companies.

One of the greatest difficulties the proprietary have to encounter arises from an inability to prevent peculation by the drivers and conductors. It is impossible for the managers at head-quarters to ascertain how many passengers may have ridden during each journey. Mechanical checks of various kinds, such as indexes, after the Parisian fashion, have utterly failed, because they gave the public some very trifling trouble; and when that is the case, such expedients never succeed. The plan adopted now partakes somewhat of the nature of a secret police. The managers of both companies employ indi-

viduals—whom they ascertain to be quite unknown to their servants—to ride occasionally in their omnibuses; and—without exciting notice—to take an account of the number of passengers. At the end of the trip the individual so employed sends a sealed memorandum to the company's office of the money which ought to be forthcoming, and if this do not agree with the account rendered by the conductor, an investigation takes place. Should a conductor be detected in one or two 'mistakes' of this kind, he is discharged. Of course the same individual cannot be long employed in this supervising office, or his or her person would be known; hence the company constantly change their spies, who are chiefly mechanics, sempstresses, or servants out of employment. Some, however, manage to retain the office, by great skill in disguising themselves. To-day one of these knowing passengers will make himself appear like a foreigner with mustaches; tomorrow he will be a carpenter, with a rule peeping out of his jacket; the next a gentleman's servant; and so on. It is gratifying to be able to add, on the authority of the secretary of the London Conveyance Company, that instances of detection very seldom occur. It is only when one conductor habitually renders a lower account than those of his colleagues who immediately precede and follow him on the road, that the secret system is employed against him. It has one good effect in his favour; providing he be found always correct, suspicion is removed, and his honesty better established. This kind of check is more or less adopted by all the London omnibus proprietors.

Besides these two companies, a third association of proprietors exists at Paddington, whose vehicles intersect various parts of London at right angles to those above-described. Starting from Paddington and travelling across the bridges, most of them end their trip at the Elephant and Castle at the head of the Kent road in Surrey, where coaches of all descriptions 'most do congregate.' Of these vehicles there are forty-eight, with an adequate establishment of men and horses to 'work' them. Lastly, ten omnibuses belonging to Paddington are employed in running to and from the various railway stations. Paddington, therefore, may be considered as the centre of the system, for upwards of 195 omnibuses daily ply from that suburb to various parts of London.

We now turn to the other great thoroughfares through which omnibuses ply. Besides the New Road and the line of streets beginning with Nottinghill, continued through Oxford Street, and ending with Cheapside and the Poultry—the third great east-and-west artery is that formed between the head of Sloane Street, in Knightsbridge, and Piccadilly; thence, by Charing-Cross, through the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and St Paul's Churchyard, where it joins the middle route in Cheapside. This thoroughfare is crowded with omnibuses at all times of the day, not one of them limited to the length of road we have described, but all of necessity traversing it to arrive at their several destinations. For instance, at Sloane Street there is a meeting of three roads; one, commencing at the street itself, leads to Chelsea, from which at least twenty omnibuses ply; the second leads through Brompton to Fulham; the third, and by far the most frequented, intersects Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, Brentford, Isleworth, and Hounslow; whilst cross-roads over Hammersmith or Kew Bridges lead to Richmond. Each of these places has a set of omnibuses of its own, and all the vehicles pass the end of Sloane Street, and travel over the same ground till they get to the Bank, where some of them stop, whilst others continue the same line to Whitechapel turnpike, to Stepney, Bow, and other places in that direction, or branch off to the Blackwall railway-station, to Poplar, the West India Docks, and to Blackwall itself. On this road is, we believe, the longest omnibus journey in London: it extends from Brentford-end to Whitechapel gate, and is thirteen miles long, the fare for which is only one shilling, or not a

penny per mile. Few persons, however, require to ride that distance, and, to use a phrase of the road, 'the short passengers pay for the long ones' though, for small distances, only sixpence a-head is charged.

Where the journeys of most of the west going omnibuses end, that of many of the east, south, and north ones begin—namely, within a short distance of the Bank. The well-known 'Flower-pot' in Bishopsgate-Street—Within, is the nucleus of the Hackney, Homerton, and Clapton 'buses,' whilst those whose route branches off towards the left at Shoreditch Church supply vehicular accommodation to the denizens of that road which John Gilpin has made immortal; for it leads through Kingsland, Shacklewell, Stamford Hill, Tottenham, to Edmonton. In an opposite or southerly direction a succession of omnibuses ply between Gracechurch Street over London Bridge to Newington Butts, Kennington, Brixton, Stockwell, Clapham, and Tooting; or branching off at the far-famed 'Elephant and Castle,' make their way to Walworth, Camberwell, and Peckham. Some go by a third road so far as Greenwich, though most of the vehicles that ply to that place start from Charing-Cross. Their trade has, however, been all but abolished by the steamboats and railway. The plan of proprietors clubbing together, as at Paddington, has been successfully followed out in others, especially on the western roads.

The next great omnibus station is Islington. The vehicles in this quarter convey the public between Highgate, Holloway, Hornsey, Highbury, Islington, and Bells Pond, east to the city; or else, intersecting London in an opposite direction from the well-known Angel Inn, travel between the above places south-west to Charing-Cross. Most of these belong to unassociated proprietors, among whom, it is disagreeable to add, a fierce opposition is at present raging; one of the belligerents is, too, a lady—the largest private proprietor of 'buses' in London. Another north and south route is that between Camden and Kentish towns, Charing-Cross, and Lambeth. This is intersected by the Hampstead and Bank road, upon which omnibuses regularly ply.

We have now traced, so far as we can remember, the chief routes taken by the London omnibuses. By reference to the licensing-office, we learn that the number of stage-carriages plying in and from London was, during the year ending on the 4th of last January, 1472. As 'short' stage-coaches have been, except in very rare instances, abandoned, and as the railways have driven off all the 'long' ones from the road except not quite fifty, it is believed that the number of omnibuses plying about the streets and suburbs of London in every direction all day long amounts to at least 1400. At a rough calculation, some £2000 per day is spent in omnibus fares, making £730,000 per annum.

Having spoken so much of the vehicles, a word or two concerning the drivers and conductors may not be amiss. It cannot be concealed that for a long time these men were looked upon by the public with aversion, sometimes with dread. 'In the heat of debate' with opposition drivers, they used the most revolting language, and even conducted themselves towards their unoffending customers with extreme rudeness. The rate at which they sometimes galloped through crowded streets caused fatal accidents, and so great was their haste in getting passengers in and out, that falls and broken limbs were of continual occurrence. They thought nothing of taking an unprotected female to Whitechapel when she wanted to go to Islington; and we were once asked in a Brentford omnibus by a stranger from the country, 'Whether the Bank of England was much further out of town?' In short, to so great an excess were the offences of these men carried, that the legislature was obliged to interfere, and by the 6th and 7th of Victoria, cap. 86, all conductors and drivers of stage and hackney-carriages are obliged to be personally licensed. That there may be no difficulty in bringing offenders to justice, each man is registered with a number

against his name at an office for that special purpose, and that number is delivered to him legibly inscribed on a metal ticket, which he is bound under a penalty to display conspicuously about his person. He is also provided with a printed license. Should he misbehave himself, all that the injured party has to do, is to apply to a police-office for a summons against 'number so and so,' and the real culprit is sure to be found. In case of conviction, his printed license is endorsed by the magistrate with a statement of the penalty, and besides that, a list of stage-carriage offences is forwarded from the police-offices to the registrar every quarter. The license is renewable every year in May, and if the man be found unworthy of a fresh one, it is refused.

This plan seems to have acted in a most salutary manner. The drivers and conductors are now a different set of men; our own experience of them of late is diametrically opposed to our recollection of the class half-a-dozen years ago. As a body they may be described as civil, obliging, and well-mannered men. This reform, however, must not be wholly attributed to the act of parliament, to which the public is much less indebted than to the directors of the London Conveyance Company, who set the example of employing and encouraging the civil and well-conducted.

As may be expected, the number of conductors and of drivers in London nearly corresponds with that of the omnibuses. In May 1844 there were licensed 1854 conductors and 1740 drivers. Deduct those employed on the few short stages, and for about 300 individuals who took out licenses both as drivers and conductors, and the numbers as above stated nearly correspond.

THE SISTERS.*

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Oh what a goodly outside falsehood hath—*Merchant of Venice*.

In one of the villages situated near the coast, in the beautiful county of Devon, stands, or rather stood, a small villa-like abode called Gothic Cottage. At the period when my narrative commences it was the residence of two sisters, the daughters of an officer in the army, who, nearly forty years previously, had retired there to spend the residue of a life, the early part of which had been engaged in active service. Captain Ramsay was yet a young man when disabled by a wound in his right arm, and consequently forced to retire on a pension. He had twice entered the marriage state, and Mary, the daughter of his first wife, was sixteen years the senior of her sister. The first Mrs Ramsay was an estimable but uneducated woman, who had been the captain's devoted nurse in a season of great bodily suffering, and to whom he offered his hand under the influence of feelings of gratitude and esteem. Unlike the general experiences of unequal marriages, he never had reason to repent of his choice. His second partner was the daughter of an old messmate who had taken up his residence in the neighbourhood. But brief was the period of his conjugal felicity with this lady: she died a few days subsequent to the birth of her first child, and so overwhelmed was the peculiarly sensitive mind of the husband by this fresh blight to his hopes of happiness, that a rapid decline soon brought him also to the grave.

The situation of the young orphans had attracted general sympathy in the neighbourhood, and Mary,

* The principal features of this little narrative recurred to the writer's recollection on the perusal of an article in the Journal of August 12, 1843, titled 'Credentials,' and she has woven them into a tale, thinking that they would illustrate the truthful observations there made.

being known to be expert with her needle, was offered a situation as sempstress, and advised to write to the late Mrs Ramsay's relatives, who were residing in Ireland, requesting that they would relieve her of the care of the little Eveline, or at all events provide for her support. This proposition, however, accorded not with her ideas of duty. Affection was the most striking feature in Mary's character, and now that both her parents were taken from her, its whole strength and intensity seemed centered in the motherless infant thus thrown upon her regard. She positively refused to part from the child, and, young as she was, resolved to be her future protectress. The nurse, who since Mrs Ramsay's death had taken charge of her, would, she said, still remain with them, and they should be able to live upon the remnant of her father's property, aided by her exertions with her needle, for which she would endeavour to find employment at home. This noble resolve was looked upon as utterly chimerical even by her best friends, who thought it incumbent upon them to point out the difficulties which must attend the pursuance of such a plan; but our young heroine's resolution was not to be shaken, nor was it the mere impulse of a generous nature, called forth by the circumstances of the present moment. She shrank not from the self-denial which the fulfilment involved, but persevered with a steady, undeviating constancy, which excited the admiration of all. With the dawn of morning Mary's nimble fingers might be seen plying the needle, and in the twilight she was still at her task. So much commiseration and esteem did her conduct call forth, that she was never without employment. Her only recreations were the careases of her little charge, who fondly loved, though she was too young to comprehend how much she owed to her.

Thus the early years of Eveline Ramsay glided away, and, to the great delight of her youthful protectress, she gave promise of being gifted in mind, as well as eminently beautiful in person. This discovery, however, was to Mary a fresh source of anxiety, for she felt an eager desire that her sister's talents should be cultivated. Her own limited knowledge incapacitated her for undertaking her education, could she have found leisure for the task, and no increased effort on her part could supply the large sum which would be requisite to pay the expenses of tuition. Just at this juncture, she, to her unspeakable pleasure, received an altogether unexpected legacy from a distant relation of her mother. This sum was designed by the donor as a provision for her own unprotected youth, but she unhesitatingly appropriated the principal part of it to the education of her young charge, who now became a day pupil at a large boarding-establishment in a neighbouring town. Such a line of conduct would, she thought, insure to Eveline a gentle means of support in the event of her own removal. But unhappily this mental culture not being rightly directed, had the effect of inducing Eveline to believe that there was some superiority in herself which demanded a sacrifice on the part of Mary. There was a striking difference in the appearance of the sisters. Mary's form and features were of a 'homely cast, and her manners had none of that polish which education gives, yet it was impossible to behold her without admiring the placid and benevolent expression which pervaded her whole aspect. Eveline, on the contrary, possessed a face of delicate beauty, and a form of perfect symmetry; and so proud was the fond but misjudging Mary of that beauty, that she would not suffer her fingers to be soiled by any homely occupation, and was con-

tented to wear the plainest apparel, that her sister might be arrayed in the manner she deemed suitable to her rank in life. Had the judgment of the devoted girl been as sound as her affections were strong and her spirit self-sacrificing, she would have pursued a different course.

Several eligible offers of marriage had been made to Mary by the farmers' sons in the neighbourhood, who had sufficient good sense to appreciate her character; but she resolutely refused to accept of any, though it was thought that one youth had made a serious impression upon her heart. She would never, she said, desert the charge she had undertaken; her life should be devoted to sisterly affection; and though her friends grieved to see her thus sacrifice her happiness, they could not but admire the motive from which it sprung. At the age of sixteen, Eveline discontinued her attendance at school; but her sister's labours were not in consequence lightened, her time being now principally occupied by reading and drawing. For the former amusement she selected exclusively the extravagant novels which then poured from the press, exorbitantly taxing her sister for the means of procuring them, and inflaming her own imagination by their perusal. Mary made still further sacrifices to gratify what she supposed to be an intellectual taste, not knowing that she was thereby administering a poison to the mind of her sister, which it would be impossible afterwards to counteract. Thus Eveline lived in an ideal world, and thought of the future as a golden dream which would realise all she had read of. Her peculiar position, her euphonious name, her delicate beauty, and her habits of luxuriant indolence, all combined to make her believe herself to be a heroine of romance, and she confidently expected that her destiny would correspond with that of some one of the characters with whom she had of late become so conversant.

'When will you put off that everlasting brown stuff dress?' Eveline exclaimed a little pettishly, as the sisters were one Sunday morning dressing for church. 'You really are getting so prim and old maidish, no one would take you to be my sister,' she laughingly added, as she surveyed her own beautiful form, clad in rich attire, in the mirror before her.

'If I had afforded myself a new dress this season, I could not have purchased that one for you, Eveline,' was Miss Ramsay's mild reply.

'Well, but I really believe that you would *rather* wear that old dingy thing than a new one; you have such odd tastes and fancies. I declare we are as unlike as though one of us had been born at the antipodes: we have not one desire or pursuit in common.'

'Nay, I hope we in common desire to do our duty, and to love one another,' Mary smilingly interposed.

'True; but our ideas upon even those subjects are dissimilar, like everything else,' returned the volatile girl. 'Duty with you, Mary, means to attend to the domestic matters, and you have certainly a genius for the culinary art.'

'And for the dressmaking art too, I think you will allow,' her sister archly observed; 'for you are occupied in admiring the fit of that dress instead of putting on your shawl.'

'Yes, I admit that you are very clever with your needle too,' she rejoined, still keeping her position before the glass. 'Now, my duties lie in a different line. It is my part to give the refinement of taste to our little home.'

'You confess, then, that my accomplishments are the most useful, if yours are the most refined,' Miss Ramsay observed, gathering and folding as she spoke the scattered articles Eveline had thrown off.

'Why, we could not live entirely upon books and pictures, or ornamental work. Still I cannot admit that your occupations have the superiority you imagine, inasmuch as they are of a grosser nature.'

'We will decide this point another time,' said the elder sister; 'meanwhile let us each fulfil the duties which lie straight before us, be they mental or manual.'

'Dear Mary,' asked Eveline abruptly, after a short pause, during which she had completed her toilet; 'dear Mary, is it possible that you have reached the age of three-and-thirty, and never fallen in love?'

Mary's colour rose. 'Silly girl,' she said; 'why ask such a question just now? Your thoughts ought to be differently occupied.'

'Nay, but the idea just occurred to my mind, and I shall not rest till I know.'

'Then I am afraid, Eveline, that it will be a long while before you rest; for I don't think it prudent to talk on such a subject to one so young as you are.'

'Young as I am!' she repeated; 'why I am verging on seventeen, and every young woman falls in love at that age.'

'None but foolish young women do so,' Mary laughingly returned.

'Now that is your prudish, old-maidish idea,' said Eveline; 'but I can tell you, my sage sister, that it is useless to preach when the mischief is accomplished, for I am about to introduce to you a gallant cavalier, who has already done me the honour of laying his hand and fortune at my feet.'

Mary gazed in her sister's face as if to demand if she were in jest or earnest. Her lips moved, but her tongue could find no word of utterance, so intense were the emotions which agitated her breast.

'Why, you really look frightened,' Eveline continued. 'Is there anything so very surprising or shocking in the affair? But perhaps,' she added with mock gravity, 'I ought to have consulted my elder sister ere I suffered the urchin Cupid to aim his arrows at my vulnerable heart.'

'This is too serious a matter to be treated with levity, Eveline,' Miss Ramsay at length articulated. 'If you mean what you say, tell me, I conjure you, of whom do you speak?'

'I cannot pretend to give you the gentleman's pedigree,' the young lady replied; 'but in answer to your interrogation I can inform you that his name is Henry Woodville—that he is a man of family—that he has a large estate in prospect—and that he is the realisation of my dreams of a lover.'

'And where did you meet with him?' Mary asked in breathless agitation.

'Why, just where one would wish to meet with a lover—as I was sitting on a grassy knoll, beneath the shadow of a wide-spreading oak, whilst I was engaged in sketching our cottage at a distance.'

'You must not again walk abroad alone, Eveline; it is unfitting at your age.'

'Nay, you need not caution me on that head; I shall for the future have a companion in Mr. Woodville, for he intends stopping in this neighbourhood for some months, he says. He tells me he loves retirement.'

'You must not permit him to be your companion,' cried Miss Ramsay in alarm. 'You are too young to act for yourself, and must be guided by my advice. If your suitor intend honourably, he will not shrink from being introduced to me, and visiting you here, and I shall then be better able to judge whether he is a fitting husband for you.'

'You shall see him this very day,' she gaily returned. 'He said he should meet me at church; and I bade him join us on our return, when I promised to introduce him to my sober sister. It was for that reason I wished you to put off that old brown gown, and don something smarter.'

'You treat this matter too lightly, Eveline,' cried Mary, whilst her usually placid features exhibited the agitated state of her mind; 'I shall be on the rack till I know what is likely to be the end of this affair.'

'I can tell you, then, in a sentence,' she laughingly made answer: 'the end will be a marriage, a coach and

four, and, it may be, a title; for he tells me there is only a sickly cousin in the way between him and a baronetcy.'

Mary did not speak, but her heart was full of anxiety. It must be confessed that she heard little of the sermon that day, her thoughts being too much engrossed by the recent conversation.

As Eveline anticipated, they were joined on their way home by the lover. He was a tall, fashionably-attired young man of about six-and-twenty, possessing gentlemanly and even fascinating manners. A visit on the morrow succeeded, when the suitor gave to the elder lady a full explanation of his present circumstances and his future prospects. He had, he said, no proud or avaricious father to object to his union, and the estate now in litigation would, without doubt, be very shortly at his own disposal. Miss Ramsay was too little versed in the ways of the world to entertain a doubt of the truth of his statements. Her only objection arose from Eveline's extreme youth; but she was won to sanction the young man's visits, though she strongly protested against all thoughts of a union till at least three years had elapsed, at the expiration of which period the young lady would still be only twenty.

The lover was obliged to acquiesce in this decision, though it was with evident reluctance; and as the object of his visit to Devonshire was, he said, recreation, he declared his intention of remaining in the neighbourhood, instead of, as he had at first purposed, proceeding to explore the beautiful spots for which that county is celebrated. His time was now almost wholly spent in the society of the sisters, for Mary wisely put a negative to Eveline's rambles unless she were her companion. He read with the younger the impassioned works of which she was so fond, or chose subjects for her pencil, whilst the elder was engaged with her needle or pursued her domestic avocations.

Two months thus glided away, when one morning Woodville informed them that he had received a letter apprising him that his affairs required his presence in town. He hoped, he said, that he should shortly be able to return with the agreeable intelligence that the lawsuit was at an end and the estate his own. These remarks were made in the presence of Miss Ramsay; but having contrived to obtain a subsequent interview with Eveline, he, in eloquent and impassioned language, declared life to be insupportable without her, and so vehemently urged a clandestine flight and an immediate marriage, that she in a moment of weakness was induced to consent.

Woodville took his leave early in the evening, professedly to return to London alone, and the sisters parted after supper as usual, only that the younger clung around the companion she was about to desert with a closer embrace than she was wont. 'Heaven bless and prosper thee, my darling,' was Mary's affectionate benison as she stood a moment and looked after her young charge. The words rung in the ears of the conscience-stricken girl. 'Alas! I cannot ask the blessing of heaven upon my actions,' she exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair; 'I am violating every tie of nature and affection; I am forsaking and giving pain to one who has been to me as a mother.' But when, after these reflections, she thought of Woodville and of the earnestness with which he had besought her to accompany him, her scruples gave way, and she was again the sport of passion. She was, she thought, but fulfilling her destiny. Her fate was to be singular, but the end, she confidently hoped, would make amends for all the trials she must undergo. With these fallacious reasonings she consoled herself, as she made preparations for her journey, and attired herself in a travelling dress. Hastily taking up a pencil, she wrote a few words of apology and farewell to her sister, when, her watch giving notice that it was within five minutes of the hour of assignation, she stepped gently down the stairs. With a palpitating heart she passed the door of Mary's chamber, and listened for a few moments to ascertain if she were yet in bed. She knew that she

not unfrequently sat up even after midnight to finish some piece of needlework; but all was now still, and hoping that she was asleep, she proceeded, and was in a few minutes by her lover's side. A chaise was in readiness at a short distance, and she suffered herself to be led to it without daring to cast one more look upon her early and happy home.

The flight of Eveline was not discovered till the usual hour of breakfast, when she was missed from her accustomed seat. Fearful that the delay arose from indisposition, Miss Ramsay hastened with some anxiety to her chamber; but great was her surprise and alarm when she found it vacant, and that her bed had not been occupied that night. The scrap of paper on the dressing-table catching her eager eye, she seized it with breathless haste. 'Dearest Mary,' she read, 'my more than mother, pardon the hasty step I have taken, and think the best till you hear from me, which you soon shall do as Eveline Woodville.' Miss Ramsay stood like one who doubted the evidence of her senses. When the dreadful certainty took full possession of her mind, she threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to a flood of tears. 'Is it for this I have cherished her these seventeen years?' she exclaimed; 'is it for this I have laboured so unremittingly, to be deserted for an acquaintance of a few days? Oh, Eveline, you have almost broken the heart that loved you so dearly. He will never love you as I have loved you,' she passionately added, rising and pacing the room with rapidity, as if to fly from reflections which were too harrowing for endurance; 'rash, foolish girl, you will repent this step!' But this burst of anger over, the unhappy young woman began to question whether she had not herself acted an indiscreet part in suffering her sister to receive the addresses of a person of whom she knew nothing excepting from his own testimony. The most dreadful fears now assailed her lest Woodville, if correct in his statements regarding his family connexions, might not intend honourably. The fact of his enticing Eveline to quit her home clandestinely, seemed to corroborate this horrible idea. Again, if it were not true that he was the person he represented himself to be, though his motives in marrying Eveline could not be mercenary, yet he must be some worthless adventurer; and cheerless was the prospect with such a companion, more especially for one who had never yet known affliction in any of its forms. She could not help reproaching herself that she had not before taken these things into consideration; nay, she went further; she condemned herself for the injudicious training she had given her sister, which had, she feared, led to the evil she deplored.

At the expiration of three days, Miss Ramsay received a letter from Eveline, containing the information that they had arrived safely in London, and the marriage ceremony having been performed, that they had taken up their residence for the present in Westminster, at the house of a widow lady, who was an old friend of Mr Woodville's. She concluded with reiterated assurances of affection, and supplication for pardon; and Mary, whose affectionate heart could not long entertain anger against one she had loved so fondly, wrote an immediate answer expressing her forgiveness, and the most tender interest in her sister's future welfare. Feeling somewhat better satisfied, she now strove to compose her mind, and resume her accustomed avocations; but the pleasure she had before experienced while engaged in their performance was over. She was happy, however, in her ignorance, compared with what she would have been had she been acquainted with Eveline's actual situation. The home of which her sister spoke was a miserable floor in a large lodging-house, in one of the most densely populated parts of London, and the widow lady was a coarse vulgar woman, from whose manners she shrank with disgust; yet, even amid these discouraging circumstances, she was willing to hope that a brilliant career was yet in store for her, and her letters were full of anticipations. But when month

after month passed away, and the same tale was told without any advance being apparently made, Mary began to fear that the whole would prove a delusion.

A fresh source of anxiety now arose from the intelligence that Eveline was likely to have the cares of a mother added to those of a wife, and the information came accompanied by a request of a small loan, to enable her to make the necessary preparations. The next letter was from Woodville. In terms fair and smooth, he represented his deep regret that the settlement of his affairs had been so long delayed, adding, that if she could accommodate her sister with a further remittance to save her and her infant from want in their present exigency, he should shortly be able to repay her. To the generous breast of Miss Ramsay such appeals were never made in vain, though she could not help thinking that a young man of Woodville's education and address ought to make some effort to support his family, and not depend upon the precarious termination of a lawsuit. This was, however, but the commencement of a system of robbery under the garb of borrowing, which kept her in such a state of poverty that she was herself often obliged to suffer privations of the common necessities of life; and what gave her even more pain was, she could not raise funds to pay the expenses of a visit to London, though she most ardently desired to do so. The letters of Eveline to her sister were now less frequent, the alleged cause being that her infant engrossed so much of her time; but the truth was, her confidence in her husband was shaken, and she could not bear to make known to that beloved and injured relative the dreadful apprehensions she herself entertained, that he had cruelly deceived them by false statements regarding his family and position in society. Some observations not intended to meet her ear, which were made in the adjoining sitting-room whilst she was confined to her chamber, gave her good grounds for suspecting the landlady to be her husband's mother. She heard her reproach him in the most bitter terms for adding to her cares by bringing home a wife who was too much of a lady to wait upon herself, and further tax him with curtailing her comforts for her maintenance.

The feelings of the unhappy young wife upon this discovery may be imagined better than they can be described, yet she dared not give them vent. The confession of her knowledge of the deception would, she thought, irritate the temper of Woodville, who had of late grown very petulant, and she dreaded still more the virulence of the mother's tongue. Even when she intended to treat her with civility, Eveline had shrank from her attentions; her vulgar expressions disgusted, and her familiarity offended her. Often had she wondered that a gentleman of Mr Woodville's birth and education should ever have been on intimate terms with such a person; and that her husband, though he could not do otherwise than surmise what was passing in her mind, should offer no explanation. Now the mystery was solved, so far at least as the intimacy between the two parties was concerned. But what a prospect did it open to the unfortunate young creature who had thus cast herself upon their mercy!

This was, however, but the commencement of Eveline's trials. Hitherto the hope of a brighter future had supported her; and even under the possibility of a failure, she had consoled herself by the alliance her heart reposed in—the object of its fondest regard. Now it was otherwise. What had she to expect from a man who could act in so unprincipled a manner as her husband had done? What but wretchedness and ultimate neglect. Her forebodings of evil were but too true. The birth of her child, instead of strengthening the bond between them, served on the contrary to sever it, for it formed a plea for Woodville's continually absenting himself from his home. This unnatural conduct called forth angry feelings on Eveline's part, and the result was still further disregard for her comfort on his. She accused him of having enticed her from the peace-

ful and happy abode of her youth, and he recriminated with equal bitterness; and thus another six months passed away. The change from the healthful spot in which Eveline had been born and reared, to the closely pent up rooms she now occupied, added to the distress of mind she suffered, had, as might be expected, a powerful effect upon her naturally delicate frame, and symptoms of incipient consumption were the consequence. Her figure lost its beautiful proportions, the soft bloom on her cheek was superseded by a hectic flush, and the brilliancy of her deep blue eye was destroyed by constant tears. But he who had been the cause of this premature decay felt no stings of conscience for the part he had taken, nor even deemed it incumbent upon him to make a show of tenderness he evidently no longer felt. The love he had at one period so ardently professed had been called forth by the dazzling beauty for which she was once distinguished—it was not of a nature to stand the test of time.

The distresses Eveline endured were of necessity aggravated by the fact that they were self-inflicted, and bitterly did she now repent the rash step she had taken; yet she could not allow herself to make these admissions to her sister, though upon that sister's bounty it was that she still existed.

Affairs were in this unpromising state, when one cheerless evening at the latter end of autumn, after having seen her child quietly asleep, she sat down, intending to pen a few lines to Mary, in answer to a letter full of anxious inquiries which she had received in the morning. The fire, which she had not the means to replenish with fuel, was expiring in the grate, and the little candle, before which she bent her faded form, cast a faint light over the large but scantily furnished apartment; but so powerfully were the feelings of the neglected young wife wrought upon by the loneliness of her situation, that she sat and wept instead of fulfilling her task. 'Oh my sister,' she passionately exclaimed, clasping her hands together as she spoke, 'could you behold me now, how would your affectionate heart bleed at the sight; but you are spared the misery, and it is well; I have already heaped too much upon you.' A quick step upon the stairs, and the sudden opening of the door, here aroused her. She turned abruptly, dreading she knew not what, when the appearance of Woodville in an excited if not intoxicated state increased her alarm.

'Are you writing to Devonshire?' he demanded, seeing the materials for her letter lying on the table before her. 'I trust you are about to ask a further supply of money, for it is out of my power to support you any longer,' he bitterly added.

'What do you mean, Henry?' asked the young wife in breathless agitation.

'I mean,' he doggedly rejoined, 'that this day has settled my long-contested claim to the estate, and it is decided against me.'

Eveline looked at him in amazement. She had long considered the story of the lawsuit as a fabrication, but the apparent sincerity of his manner now awakened a doubt whether it were not the truth.

'You look stupefied, girl,' he pursued; 'but this is no season for delay; you must pack up all we possess within a quarter of an hour, when I shall return with a vehicle to convey us from here, for we are no longer safe beneath this roof.'

'Are you in earnest, Henry?' she asked, so bewildered that she scarcely knew how to perform the task he had assigned her.

'Earnest?' he fiercely repeated. 'Is this a time for jesting, when an hour's delay may find me in prison?'

'Oh, Woodville,' exclaimed the unhappy girl, throwing her arms around him in a paroxysm of grief, 'you know that I have lived for these eighteen months upon the hope of the favourable termination of this lawsuit. You know that for love of you I left a happy home, where I knew not want or sorrow, and where, for seventeen years, I was never addressed but with words of

tenderness. But I now aver, and Heaven is witness to my words, that I will follow you to beggary or to prison if you still love me and treat me with the kindness you were wont to do.'

'Foolish woman,' he muttered, putting her from him, though there was less harshness in his tones; 'this is no season for romantic scenes, those days are over; do as I bid you, as you value my safety.' And as he spoke he abruptly quitted the room.

In a state of excitement which gave her strength for the performance of the duty he had imposed upon her, Eveline collected her apparel together, and was ready by the appointed time. Mrs Jackson assisted in carrying down the luggage, whilst the unhappy wife, though totally ignorant of where she was going, caught up her still sleeping infant, and folding it within the cloak with which she was herself enveloped, followed down the stairs. A hackney-coach stood at the door, into which Woodville almost forced her, so eager did he appear to depart; then, after whispering a few words to the driver, he seated himself by her side, and the vehicle drove off with the utmost rapidity.

A few days after the above related events took place, a letter, bearing Eveline's signature, was put into the hands of Miss Ramsay, but so illegible were the characters, that she could scarcely believe them to have been penned by her. The sad information it contained was expressed in the following incoherent and passionate words—'Haste to me, my beloved Mary. Haste to me as you love me, if I have not so robbed you that you cannot raise sufficient money to pay the expenses of the journey. Nothing but your presence can comfort me or save me from self-destruction. I am deserted and alone. He for whom I forsook my only earthly friend has left me—left me penniless and without sustenance for the innocent little creature who is my companion in misery—amongst strangers, who look on me with suspicion. You will come to me, my sweet sister; I am sure you will come; your heart was never shut against me, and your forgiving love will pardon your erring but ever affectionate Eveline.'

Miss Ramsay, with that self-denying affection for which her character had ever been distinguished, was in less than an hour on her way to London, laden with a variety of those little comforts which she thought might be acceptable to her suffering sister. She found her occupying a miserable garret in an obscure part of the eastern suburbs, and so changed in person that she could scarcely recognise her. The meeting, on Mary's part, was characterised by tenderness and concern; on Eveline's by penitence and gratitude. 'Oh, my sister,' cried the latter, as she fondly clung around that beloved relative, 'I little thought when last I held you thus, that our next meeting would be in such a home and under such circumstances. But I deserve it all; I have brought upon myself all the misery which I suffer. But it is my greatest grief that I have involved you, dearest Mary, in my ruin.'

'Cease to reproach yourself, darling,' cried Miss Ramsay affectionately. 'You require peace of mind, and then your health will, I trust, amend. You must return with me to our once happy home, and we will try if we cannot find it such again.'

'Never, never,' Eveline energetically interposed. 'I could not endure a return. I could not meet the eyes of those who were wont to look on me with envy, humbled as I am. No; I must bury my sorrows and my shame in secret. Oh Mary,' she wept forth, as she hid her pale face upon her sister's bosom, 'it is perhaps too much for me to expect of you to give up your home for my sake, after the part I have acted towards you; but I cannot—no, I cannot return with you.'

'There is no sacrifice I would not make to save you a pang, dearest Eveline,' Mary tenderly rejoined, straining her sister's wasted form in a still closer embrace. 'I will let the cottage, and we will take up our abode in London, if it will make you more happy; and I will try to obtain some employment which will afford us a

means of support. But you must promise me that you will strive to recruit your health and forget the past.'

'I will promise anything—anything but to return to Devonshire,' Eveline passionately exclaimed.

Before going further, it may be proper to state that the person styling himself Henry Woodville was in reality a mechanic's son, who, having received a tolerable education at a public school, and possessing a handsome person and good address, had formed the determination of making his fortune without giving himself the trouble of attaining it by his own exertions. An advertisement in a newspaper, purporting that a young man of that name who had left his family clandestinely when a boy, was heir to an immense estate, then lying in the hands of executors, suggested to him the idea of personating the runaway; and his previous knowledge of some particulars respecting the family of which he professed to be a member, favoured this deception so far that one of the executors espoused his cause from the conviction of its legality. The other, a shrewd man of business, suspecting the truth of his statements, delayed the decision from month to month. Meantime the real heir, who had been abroad, made his appearance. The pending litigation was then quickly terminated, leaving the hero of this story in danger of being apprehended as an impostor. He had, as we have seen, sought refuge in obscurity, but that proving insufficient to protect him, he was ultimately obliged to leave his native country for America.

Miss Ramsay removed her sister to some more comfortable apartments, where she trusted that careful nursing and the soothing tenderness of affection would re-establish her health. This done, she began to consider in what manner it would be best for her to endeavour to procure a maintenance. She suggested that they should open a little school, in which occupation Eveline could assist, whilst she added to her own duties the employment which had for so many years afforded them a livelihood. Eveline was eager to accede to any proposition made by her sister; but when the actual duties lay before her, she shrank from the task. Never having learned perseverance, she was unable to exercise it at this juncture, when her weak state of health rendered it really difficult. The pursuit of an occupation, which would necessarily prevent her mind from dwelling upon her misfortunes, would have tended to heal her mental malady; but when Mary saw that the effort was painful to her, she, with mistaken kindness, insisted on taking the whole of the duties upon herself. Finding that the change did not effect the restoration she had hoped it would have done, Miss Ramsay now called in medical aid. Her native air was prescribed as the most effectual means of saving the invalid from an early grave; but Eveline was resolute in her refusal to return to Devonshire, protesting that instead of accelerating her recovery, it would hasten her end. The yielding mind of Mary acquiesced in her decision, but it was with many secret tears; and she too late discovered and bitterly regretted the error she had committed in the education of her youthful charge, in never having suffered her to be disciplined by that salutary contradiction which prepares for an adverse hour.

The winter passed away, and the return of spring gave some hopes to the fond sister of the invalid's recovery; but it was like the bright but evanescent light which emanates from a lamp just as it is about to expire, and before the summer brought her nineteenth birthday, Eveline was in her last resting-place. Miss Ramsay now returned with her infant niece to the cottage where her mother had been reared, there to cheat the remembrance of her griefs in commencing anew a life of self-sacrificing devotedness. But how different were her feelings as she reared her second orphan charge! Experience had taught her a lesson of wisdom—a lesson she could never forget. Many years have passed since the little Eveline first became an inhabitant of Gothic Cottage, and it has since dropped

to decay. She is now a wife and mother; not as her unhappy parent had been—deserted and wretched, but the personification of health and happiness; and Miss Ramsay, or 'Aunt Mary' as she is always termed, though decidedly what the world denominates an 'old maid,' is still actively useful, shedding the beautiful halo of her undying affection around a third generation, and enjoying a rich reward in the felicity she confers.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

We observe that the parliamentary committee have recently made their report respecting the merits of the atmospheric railway. Their verdict, contrary to the expectations of some, is decidedly favourable to the new principle, and leaves it, therefore, to a fair and unfettered competition with the locomotive now generally in use. While, however, they express a strong opinion in favour of its general merits, they distinctly state, 'that experience can alone determine under what circumstances of traffic or of country the preference to either system should be given.' This is quite as the matter ought to be; for nothing could be more hurtful to that ingenuity and skill which has raised our mechanical power to its present pitch than legislative interference. The freer the spirit of inquiry, and the more accessible the way to its application, the sooner will it correct its own blunders and arrive at precision and truth.

As is well known, the Dalkey and Kingstown line, near Dublin, is the only one yet laid down on the atmospheric principle; and this, as a matter of course, taken in connexion with the opinion of eminent engineers, forms the basis upon which the committee have founded their decision. 'This line,' say they, 'has been open for nineteen months, has worked with regularity and safety throughout all the vicissitudes of temperature, and the few interruptions which have occurred have arisen rather from the inexperience of the attendants than from any material defect of the system. Moreover, high velocities have been attained, with proportional loads, on an incline averaging 1 in 115, within a course in which the power is applied only during one mile and an eighth. These are important facts. They establish the mechanical efficiency of the atmospheric power to convey with regularity, speed, and security, the traffic upon one section of pipe between two termini; and your committee have since been satisfied, by the evidence of Messrs Brunel, Cubitt, and Vignoles, that there is no mechanical difficulty which will oppose the working of the same system upon a line of any length. They are further confirmed in this opinion by the conduct of the Dalkey and Kingstown directors, who have at this moment before parliament a proposition to extend their atmospheric line to Bray.'

In addition to the witnesses above mentioned, the committee had the advantage of hearing the objections of Messrs Nicholson, Stephenson, and Locke, against the adoption of the principle. These objections chiefly relate to the expense of keeping the atmospheric apparatus in an efficient state, and the inconvenience and irregularity attending upon a single line—there being only one exhausting tube laid down on the experimental line at Dalkey. To these objections the committee make a very unprejudiced reply. With respect to expense, 'it would scarcely be possible at the present time to institute a fair comparison between a system which has had fifteen years of growth and development, and another which is yet in its infancy'; and as to the second point, 'the majority of engineers are decidedly of opinion that any ordinary traffic might be carried on with regularity and convenience by an atmospheric line.' These matters being disposed of, the following instructive remarks are offered in comparison of the two rival systems:—'Without entering upon all the controverted points, your committee have no hesitation in stating,

that a single atmospheric line is superior to a double locomotive line, both in regularity and safety; inasmuch as it makes collisions impossible except at crossing-places, and excludes all the danger and irregularity arising from casualties to engines or their tenders.

* Your committee desire also to bring to the attention of the House a peculiarity of the atmospheric system, which has been adduced by the objectors to prove how unsuited it must be profitably to carry on a small and irregular traffic—namely, that the greatest proportion of the expenses of haulage on the atmospheric principle are constant, and cannot be materially reduced, however small the amount of traffic may be. This is, no doubt, a serious objection to the economy of the atmospheric system, under the circumstances above alluded to. But, on the other hand, as the expenses do not increase in proportion to the frequency of the trains, it is to the interest of companies adopting the atmospheric principle to increase the amount of their traffic by running frequent light trains, at low rates of fare, by which the convenience of the public must be greatly promoted. Upon an atmospheric railway the moving power is most economically applied by dividing the weight to be carried into a considerable number of light trains. By locomotive engines, on the contrary, the power is most conveniently applied by concentrating the traffic in a smaller number of heavier trains. The rate of speed at which trains of moderate weight can be conveyed on an atmospheric line, makes comparatively little difference in the cost of conveyance; while the cost of moving trains by locomotive engines increases rapidly with the speed.

'Now, when it is considered that we surrender to great monopolies the regulation of all the arteries of communication throughout the kingdom—that it depends in a great measure upon their view of their interest when we shall travel, at what speed we shall travel, and what we shall pay—it becomes a material consideration, in balancing the advantages insured to the public by rival systems, to estimate, not so much what they respectively can do, but what, in pursuit of their own emolument, they will do.'

Experience can alone decide this as well as other matters connected with both systems; but from all we know and have seen of the atmospheric principle, we agree with the committee that there is ample evidence to justify its adoption. Its mechanical success has been perfect. 'I consider,' says Mr. Bidder in his evidence, 'the mechanical problem as solved, whether the atmosphere could be made an efficient tractive agent. There can be no question about that; and the apparatus worked, as far as I observed it, very well. The only question in my mind was as to the commercial application of it.' Even Mr. Stephenson, one of the hostile evidences, admits that, under certain circumstances of gradients, and under certain circumstances of traffic without reference to gradients, the atmospheric system would be preferable. Besides this, Mr. Brunel has proposed to double the line in those places where trains are intended to meet; and has further shown, that in a hilly country, with long lines of sufficient inclination to allow of the descent of trains by their own gravity, it might be possible to effect this object without the expense of a tube.

Leaving then the subject of expense to the companies interested as a matter which experience will soon decide, we see nothing in the principle, either in point of safety, regularity, or convenience, which can at all militate against its adoption, while we believe there are several points that in certain situations render it decidedly preferable. For many districts in Scotland and Wales it would be highly advantageous, and all the more so that the down train could proceed by its own gravity, and even be brought to assist the motion in the contrary direction. In point of safety, a single atmospheric line has been pronounced as decidedly preferable to a double locomotive, and this of itself is a consideration not to be overlooked, though obtainable only by a greater expenditure.

MAYNOOTH.

The little Irish town of Maynooth is situated in the county of Kildare, remote from any large or important place. It consists of one long broad street, formed by comfortless-looking habitations, few of which deserve the name of houses, being mere cabins. At one end of this humble street is the entrance to Carlton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, and at the other are the ruins of Maynooth Castle, once the stronghold of the Earls of Kildare. Near to these ruins is a building which has the appearance of a recently enlarged gentleman's mansion: this is the Royal College of Maynooth, about which there has been so much talk of late. The site, and fifty-four acres of land around the house, were originally granted by the Duke of Leinster, upon a perpetually renewable lease, at the low annual rent of seventy-two pounds a-year. It is said that the purchase of the house and the various additions which have been made to it cost in all £40,000. The college was opened for the reception of students in October 1795.

Before that period, young Irishmen desirous of being educated for the Romish priesthood were obliged to go abroad for that purpose. Attached to various continental universities, colleges are founded for the exclusive use of Irish students, some of which are still in existence and operation. When war broke out at the end of the last century, it was of course impossible for those desirous of entering the Roman Catholic church to reach the proper colleges; hence it was found necessary to establish a place of education for divinity students in Ireland, and Maynooth was the place chosen for its site. The college is governed by a president, vice-president, dean, and procurator or cursor; and the education of the students is under the superintendence of professors of the Sacred Scriptures, of dogmatic theology, moral theology, natural and experimental philosophy, logic, belles lettres, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, English elocution, and of the Irish and French languages. The expenses of the college are supported by various sources of revenue and by private bequests, in addition to an annual grant from the British parliament of £8928. This sum, however, has been found inadequate to the expenses of the establishment, and it has been proposed to increase it to £26,000.

The buildings of this college, in its present state, are fitted for the accommodation of 450 students. Of this number, 250 are free students, who are selected by the bishop of the several dioceses at yearly provincial examinations. They pay eight guineas upon their entrance into the college, and that is their only expense. The rest of the students in the establishment are either 'pensioners,' who pay twenty-one guineas per annum and four guineas entrance, or 'half pensioners,' who pay only half that amount in a year.

The discipline is somewhat strict and impartially enforced. The students usually remain at the college for their period of study for five years. Two of these are devoted to humanity, logic, and mathematics, and three to theology; the course, however, is sometimes shortened by the omission of mathematics from the list of studies. The students rise at half-past five o'clock, and retire to rest at half-past nine in the evening, eight hours being thus allowed for repose. There are two months of recess in the summer, and a short holiday at Christmas, Pentecost, and Easter. It would however appear that these recesses are nominal, for to take advantage of them special permission must be obtained from the Catholic bishop of the diocese, from which each pupil has been selected. In fact very few of the students ever leave the college for a single day, from the time they enter it to their final departure. But once a week they are allowed to walk in the grounds belonging to the establishment, and then only under the guardianship of the dean. There is in the college an excellent and rather extensive library, chiefly formed by bequests and presents, containing the choicest works in history, belles

lettres, arts and sciences. The students have not unrestrained access to them, their course of reading, even for amusement, being rigidly prescribed by their superiors.

CULTURE BY ELECTRICITY.

The stimulating effect of electricity on the growth of plants has been long suspected; a highly charged state of the atmosphere being always regarded as favourable to vegetable luxuriance, causing a healthier colour and a more rapid development of leaf and branch. Indeed every leaf and spikelet is a natural conductor, rearing its tiny lance into the atmosphere, and collecting, like the thunder-rod, the fluid that surrounds it, and thus evidently to fulfil some necessary but as yet unknown purpose in its economy. Until the summer of 1844, however, we are not aware of any practical application of this principle—or of any construction of apparatus by which either the free electricity of the air might be rendered more directly available, or an abundant supply generated by human means. At that time Dr Forster of Findrassie, near Elgin, bethought himself of the application, and after a few weeks' trial with the simplest apparatus, obtained evidence of its most extraordinary effects. Mr Crosse of Taunton had long since proved that the free electricity of the air might be easily collected by wire suspended on poles at many feet from the earth's surface; and Dr Forster, availing himself of this knowledge, erected poles, and laid down the necessary wires in a portion of his lawn which had been sown with Chevalier barley. The plants on the plot thus treated soon became darker in colour, grew faster and more luxuriantly, and when cut down, yielded at the rate of $13\frac{1}{2}$ quarters of grain per acre, while the surrounding land—similarly treated in other respects—produced at the rate of only about $5\frac{1}{2}$ quarters! The ears of the electrified barley were not only more numerous and longer, and the grains larger and harder, but the dressed corn weighed nearly two pounds heavier per bushel than any other grown in the neighbourhood.

Such was the result of Dr Forster's experiment. The following is a detail of the plan by which the electric fluid was collected and applied to influence the crop:—

N. o S.

An oblong plot was measured off, running due south and north, at the corners of which wooden pegs were driven into the ground with staples for the attachment of the iron wire. The wire was then carried round the plot and buried to the depth of three inches, care being taken to lay the length due north and south by compass, and the breadth due east and west. The lines of buried wire being thus completed, poles were erected at N. and at S. for the support of the suspended wire. These poles were fourteen or fifteen feet in height, the wire being stretched from their tops and carried down on each side, so as to be in contact with the buried line. Thus the whole apparatus was completed, and the suspended wire left to collect the electricity of the atmosphere, and to convey it to the enclosed plot beneath. The cost at which the application can be made is computed at £1 per acre, and it is reckoned to last ten or fifteen years, the wires being taken up and replaced each year.

This is certainly one of the cheapest modes in which electricity could be procured; but as the amount of free fluid in the atmosphere varies considerably, the supply might not in all cases be so powerful or so equable as to produce the desired effect. This, however, can be easily remedied in gardens and small plots by producing an artificial supply, either by plates of zinc and copper, by charcoal and zinc, or by some other of the numerous modes of eliciting an electric current. Indeed these latter methods have already been tried, though on a small scale; for we learn from the newspapers that

charcoal and zinc, Leyden jars, Smee's battery, and copper and zinc, have been successfully employed to generate the electricity, and the result has been equally favourable as that recorded by Dr Forster. Thus one individual grew two boxes of mustard-seed, to one of which he applied electricity, leaving the other to its usual course; the result was, the former grew three inches and a half while the latter grew only one inch. Another person applied the charge of a Leyden jar to an open cucumber bed, and succeeded in producing cucumbers five inches in length in thirty-seven days from the time of planting the seed. Again, it is stated in the proceedings of the New York Farmers' Club, that in July 1844 a Mr Ross exhibited potatoes measuring seven inches in diameter, and growing in the following way:—He planted the seed potatoes on the 6th of May, using only leaves for manure. Across three rows, at one end he buried a sheet of copper, 5 feet long and 14 inches wide, and at the other end, 200 feet distant, a sheet of zinc of like dimensions. The sheets were placed in an upright position, and were connected by a copper wire, thus making a galvanic battery—the moisture of the earth completing the circuit. On the 2d of July other tubers were dug, which measured $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Some of the adjoining rows beyond the battery were also tried, but few of them had potatoes larger than marrow-fat peas, certainly none larger than a boy's marble.

All this appears very satisfactory, and if confirmed by further trial, will undoubtedly create quite a revolution in agriculture. The force is inexhaustible, can be easily and cheaply applied, and what renders it different from other appliances, is confined to no particular region. Admitting it to be as successful as we could wish, it will not supersede the necessity of tillage, draining, and manure; but it will render these much more effective, will produce a heavier crop, and what is of first importance, considerably shorten the period of production. It would be unwise and premature as yet to say more on the matter; further experiments are necessary, and we are happy to learn that these, during the present season, will neither be few nor on a limited scale.

MR METHOD.

A REMINISCENCE OF VILLAGE CHARACTER.

Mr MIRTHROP had spent ten years as a general merchant in a country town, when some reverses occurring in a season of depressed trade so alarmed his prudential notions, that he resolved to retire with a small competency. Having taken this step, his irresolution prevented him, on a return of better times, from again employing his energies in business; so he retired to a country village, and there took up his abode for life, not altogether without some regrets and disappointments at his interrupted prospects of farther success in life, yet with a mind on the whole tranquil.

Mr Method was not a philosopher, nor a great politician, nor a man of fancy, nor of passion—but he had a way of his own and a will, which was law to himself and to his small household. He was one of those persons who lived by rule; he portioned out the day and the week into regular allotments, and one day and one week were to him the same during one year as during another. To say that Mr Method rose at a particular hour each morning would be a very loose statement: he got up at a particular minute; he had a razor for every day in the week, each numbered according to its day of office; and as soon would Mr Method have gone unshorn as he would have shaved with No. 3 on Monday, or used any other than No. 7 on Saturday.

Mr Method had his meals served up at particular stated times, exact to a minute. He liked a good, plain,

well cooked dinner exceedingly; but he would have put up with the roast decidedly underdone, so as that it came on the table exactly at the nick of time. He delighted in having a few friends around his board; but unless they were well aware of his habits, and came in proper time, they were as well away, for any unpunctuality cast a shade over the whole entertainment: indeed, with his most trustworthy guests he was invariably seized with a nervous feverishness for at least an hour before dinner was to be served up, apprehensive lest all should not go well. His nephew well nigh totally lost his affections by twice coming in ten minutes after time. When himself asked to others' entertainments, he was more to be relied on than the dinner bell, and was generally the first guest to make his appearance. At home he had certain dishes of meat for every day of the week, varied only by the different articles of which they were composed coming in at the several seasons of the year; so that his old friends, when they were asked to dine with him on a particular day, knew to a certainty what fare they were to get. Mr Method was a great walker: indeed this was one of his chief occupations. He walked on an average ten miles a-day. Every day had its particular allotment—one day north, another south, this day east, to-morrow west. His way to church lying due north, he started on Monday in a direction north-east, choosing this because he liked to follow the sun, and by Saturday he had got pretty well round to north once more. On each road he had many houses of call, where he paid visits to his friends. A rare plant, a newspaper, ripe fruit, or other trifles often formed the purport of his visit. Everybody knew when to expect Mr Method; and if, in the country, as sometimes happened, the timepiece stopped, or was allowed to run out, his appearance was as good as a knowledge of the exact time at Greenwich. Mr Method was a cheerful being, and you would have supposed that the whole country around was his own, and everybody he met his near relative—he had something to say to every one, words of vivacity and kindness, though of little import. He seemed to delight in the open air, though I never heard him express any admiration of natural scenery: a dry day and a wet one were much the same to him, only that for the latter he took most elaborate precautions in all the particulars of his equipment. He appeared to look upon a luxuriant summer landscape and a frost-bound wintry scene with equal indifference. When walking with him along a lonely road, in a sultry summer day, about five miles from his house, he asked me if I would like a cool radish. On my assenting, he suddenly stepped aside, and from the corner of a cornfield pulled up half-a-dozen beautiful radishes. 'I sowed a handful of seeds here,' said he, 'two months ago, not doubting but that I should stand in need and reap the harvest some day.' A friend related to me that, on one occasion, passing with Mr Method across a wide furze heath, he was much in want of a piece of iron to help in striking a light. On becoming acquainted with his desire, Mr Method stepped forwards about a hundred yards, and coming to a furze bush of a peculiar round form, he poked about its centre with his stick, and at last brought out an old horse-shoe. 'It is now almost five years,' said he, 'since I found this shoe, and deposited it in this place of safety, and now you see it has come to be of use, and I make you very welcome to it, though I disapprove of your cigar-smoking as an unnecessary practice.'

Mr Method was not a great student, nor a devourer

of books even of the lightest description. He had certain periods for reading, however. A good many years ago, when country posts were much less regular than they are at present, he got his daily London newspapers sometimes three or four at once. His first business was to unfold and arrange his papers according to their date; he then took the oldest, and made it form the subject of one day's reading, and next day he did the same with its successor. He thus, as he said, enjoyed all the excitement of a daily paper, and even when a very interesting debate was left unfinished in one sheet, he never allowed his curiosity to infringe upon the province of the next day's reading, although in the evening he has often expressed a longing for the arrival of the morrow that he might ascertain the result. When reading a novel, he never exceeded two chapters in a day, however intense the interest of the story; in this way he kept alive his curiosity, and prolonged his enjoyment for weeks or months.

Mr Method was of middle, or rather below the middle size, well made, and inclining to be fat. He had a full, rosy, round face, white teeth, sharp nose, a little snubbed, and soft, blue, mild-looking eyes. He was extremely neat in his dress, his linen always clean and of snowy whiteness; a small brilliant sparkled in his breast; he wore a short green coat, yellow vest, and drab trousers; in summer a white hat and in winter a black one; a walking stick, or an umbrella which folded up into a stick, was indispensable. In wet weather he was equipped in clothes curiously and artfully contrived to exclude wet, and at the same time to be light and conducive to his usual active habits of walking. On these occasions he wore India-rubber shoes of his own invention. He wore also and continually consulted a chronometer, which had been tested at Greenwich Observatory, and kept time to within a second in the year.

Mrs Method (for he was not a bachelor) was a wife worthy of such a husband. Not that she was gifted by nature with the innate habits of her spouse, but she had that better gift, and which is so beautiful a thing in woman, of a wish to accommodate herself to her destiny, and to follow the inclinations of her lord. Mrs Method had not the bump of order or regularity, and she had a very deficient memory; but she had great good nature and a love for her husband. One great business of his life had been to train her to his wishes; for this purpose he had constructed boards where his various hours of rising, dressing, eating, and walking were marked in large and legible characters. These were hung up in every part of the house—in the dining-room, the kitchen, and in two or three conspicuous parts of their bed-room. So numerous and precise were the directions, that they became a daily and perpetual study for Mrs Method; and she was to be seen at all times with her spectacles on, and one or other of the direction-boards in her hand, either reading it off for her own special use, or for the guidance of the cook, the housemaid, or the gardener. She had no children, but nevertheless her life was no sinecure, as every hour, from sunrise to sunset, had its peculiar appointments. I know not if Mrs Method had an equal enjoyment of existence as her husband; perhaps she was doomed to too much study to be perfectly happy. Yet, on the whole, they were a comfortable couple, and got through married life with not more than a fair share of snarlings, pets, and reconciliations. The last time I visited them, I found Mr Method busy with some modifications of a patent night-cap, which he expected to have an immense effect in mollifying a tendency to rheumatism in the jaw of his beloved spouse. This shows that, with all her shortcomings in punctuality, her husband never ceased to regard her with duly kind feelings. Since then, they have both passed from the stage, and taken up a position in the village churchyard, where a neat monument,

exactly suitable to Mr Method's taste, and which was indeed selected at a marble-cutter's by himself, informs the passer-by of the names and ages of those who sleep below.

PERSECUTIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The first settlers of the New England states, as is pretty well known, were men who fled from civil and religious persecution in England in the early part of the seventeenth century. As they had felt in their own persons and fortunes the sorrows of oppression for conscience' sake, it might naturally be expected that they would have had some sympathy for others in like circumstances. In this respect, however, the Pilgrim Fathers, as they have been termed, were no better than the men before whom they had fled. A volume might be written of their doing in the way of intolerance; but the following short chapter may suffice.

In the year 1656, when the colonists of Massachusetts were complacently congratulating themselves on having established a vigorous system of uniformity in religious matters, and expressing great thankfulness for having escaped from the troubles which had lately agitated England, they were very much surprised to learn that two women of the sect which had begun to be called Quakers were arrived in Boston from Barbadoes. There was no law in the colony against such persons; but that was considered unimportant; it was easy to make a little law for the occasion, or easier still to act without any law at all. This last alternative was adopted. The two unfortunate women, against whose character there was no reproach, were seized and put in prison; a few books found in their trunks were burnt by the hangman; and after suffering various indignities, they were turned out of the country. Persecution requires only a little spark to kindle it into a great flame. It would almost seem as if the misusage of the two women caused a flocking of Quakers from all the points of the compass to Boston, only for the sake of getting ill treated. In a short time eight made their appearance, and they in a like manner were imprisoned and banished. Thinking it now time to get a little law to regulate proceedings, a local court passed an enactment, declaring that any Quakers who should hereafter arrive in the colony should be severely whipped, and confined at hard labour in the house of correction. Immediately afterwards several came, were whipped, confined, and dismissed; and others took their place. It was evident the law was too lenient, so a fresh enactment was passed. Fines were imposed on every person who gave house-room to Quakers, or who attended their meetings, or otherwise sanctioned their pernicious opinions. Every Quaker, after the first conviction, if a man, was to lose one ear, and the second time the other; if a woman, she was each time to be severely whipped; and for the third offence, both men and women were to have their tongues bored through with a red-hot iron.

Quakers now arrived in the colony in great numbers. Gloriying in their sufferings the more they were persecuted, the more they came to testify their sincerity in their belief. Whippings, confinement, hard labour, fines, cutting off the ears, and boring the tongue being thus found ineffectual, a new law was passed in 1658, declaring that in future all Quakers who intruded themselves into Massachusetts should be banished on pain of death. Three Quakers forthwith offered themselves as the first victims; they had returned from banishment. Their names were Mary Dyer, Marmaduke Stephenson, and William Robinson. From their defence at their trial, nothing is more plain than that they were persons in a state of frenzy: their general argument was, that by means of visions they had been induced to come to Massachusetts and brave the worst that could be done to them. On the 19th of October 1659, they were condemned to die as malefactors; and three days later they were led out to execution. Mary Dyer saw her two brethren die before her eyes; and

she was on the point of meeting the same dreadful doom, the rope being already round her neck, 'when a faint shout was heard in the distance, which grew stronger and stronger, and was soon caught and repeated by a hundred willing hearts. "A reprieve, a reprieve!" was the cry, and the execution was stopped; but she, whose mind was intently fastened on another world, cried out, that she desired to suffer with her brethren, unless the magistrates would repeat their wicked law.

'She was saved by the intercession of her son, but on the express condition that she should be carried to the place of execution, and stand upon the gallows with a rope about her neck, and then be carried out of the colony. She was accordingly taken home to Rhode Island; but her resolution was still unshaken, and she was again moved to return to the "bloody town of Boston," where she arrived in the spring of 1660. This determination of a feeble and aged woman, to brave all the terrors of their laws, might well fill the magistrates with astonishment; but the pride of consistency had already involved them in acts of extreme cruelty, and they thought it impossible now to recede. The other executions were considered acts of stern necessity, and caused much discontent; a hope was entertained till the last moment, that the condemned would consent to depart from the jurisdiction; and when Mary Dyer was sent for by the court, after her second return, Governor Endicott said, "Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?" giving her an opportunity to escape by a denial of the fact, there having been another of the name returned from England. But she would make no evasion. "I am the same Mary Dyer that was here the last general court." "You will own yourself a Quaker, will you not?" "I own myself to be reproachfully called so;" and she was sentenced to be hanged on the morning of the next day. "This is no more than thou saidst before," was her intrepid reply, when the sentence of death was pronounced. "But now," said the governor, "it is to be executed; therefore prepare yourself, for to-morrow at nine o'clock you die!" "I came," was the reply, "in obedience to the will of God, the last general court, desiring you to repeal your unrighteous law of banishment on pain of death; and the same is my work now, and earnest request, although I told you if you refused to repeal them, the Lord would send others of his servants to witness against them."

'At the appointed time on the next day she was brought forth, and with a band of soldiers led through the town, about a mile to the place of execution, the drums beating before and behind her the whole way. When she was upon the gallows, it was told her that if she would return home she might come down and save her life; to which she replied, "Nay, I cannot, for in obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in his will I abide faithful unto the death." Another said that she had been there before; she had the sentence of banishment upon pain of death, and had broken the law in coming again now, and therefore she was guilty of her own blood. "Nay," she answered, "I came to keep blood-guiltiness from you, desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law of banishment upon pain of death, made against the innocent servants of the Lord; therefore my blood will be required at your hands, who wilfully do it; but for those who do it in the simplicity of their hearts, I desire the Lord to forgive them; I came to do the will of my Father, and in obedience to his will I stand even to death." A minister who was present then said, "Mary Dyer, repent, oh repent, and be not so deluded and carried away by the deceit of the devil!" But she answered, "Nay, man, I am not now to repent." She was then asked to have the elders pray for her; but she said, "I know never an elder here." She added that she desired the prayers of all the people of God. "Perhaps," said one scoffingly, "she thinks there is none here." Then looking round she said, "I know but few here." Being again asked to have one of the elders pray for her, she said, "Nay, first a child, then a young man, then a

strong man, before an elder in Christ Jesus." She spoke of the other world and of the eternal happiness into which she was about to enter; and "in this well-disposed condition was turned off, and died a martyr of Christ, being twice led to death, which the first time she expected with undaunted courage, and now suffered with Christian fortitude." "She hangs as a flag for others to take example by," said a member of the court, as the lifeless body hung suspended from the gallows."

Instead of being a warning, her death was only an encouragement. Another Quaker, named William Leddra, soon made his appearance, and after a tedious imprisonment, during which he was chained to a log of wood, he was brought to trial on the usual charge of returning from banishment. There was a dash of the ludicrous in the proceedings. One of the charges against him was that he refused to take off his hat in court, and another was that he persevered in saying 'thee' and 'thou.' 'Will you put me to death,' he asked, 'for speaking good English, and for not putting off my clothes?' 'A man may speak treason in good English,' was the reply. 'Is it treason to say "thee" and "thou" to a single person?' No good rejoinder could here be made by the judges, and while they were trying to stop his mouth by a few more questions, to their exceeding dismay another Quaker, named Winlock Christison, who had also returned from banishment, entered the court and placed himself beside the prisoner. The case of Leddra was first despatched, by condemning him to be executed, and this atrocity was committed on the 14th of March. Christison, at a second appearance before the court, received a like sentence, but leaving him the choice of voluntary banishment, and this latter alternative he appears to have embraced. The next culprits of the same class were Judah Browne and Peter Pierson, who, for no offence that we can perceive but that of being Quakers, were condemned to be tied to a cart's tail and whipped through several towns in the colony. Immediately after, as appears from the records of the court, a day of thanksgiving was appointed to be kept in acknowledgment of the many mercies enjoyed for years past 'in this remote wilderness.'

According to Mr Chandler,* from whose interesting work we have derived these melancholy details, the persecutions in Massachusetts gave offence to Charles II., who had other reasons to be dissatisfied with the colonists. He therefore enjoined all the governors of New England to proceed no farther with corporal punishment against Quakers, but to send them to England, with their respective crimes specifically set forth, in order that they might be disposed of according to law. 'The Quakers in London immediately chartered a vessel, and the mandamus was committed to Samuel Shattock, who had been banished from Massachusetts on pain of death, he arrived in the harbour of Boston in six weeks. The king's messenger and the commander of the ship landed on the day after their arrival, and proceeded directly to the governor's house. Admitted to his presence, he ordered Shattock's hat to be removed, but after perusing the letters, restored it and took off his own. After consultation with the deputy-governor, he informed the messenger that they should obey the king's command. In the evening the passengers of the ship came on shore, and, with their friends in the town, held a meeting, "where they returned praises to God for his mercy, manifested in their wonderful deliverance."

The colonial laws against Quakers were now abolished, and there were no more executions of this unhappy class of persons; but the magistracy were hostile to the sect, and for years afterwards they contrived to whip and otherwise maltreat any Quakers who fell into their hands; it would indeed seem doubtful whether the tortures and indignities they occasionally inflicted, particularly on the persons of females, were not worse than

death. The authority to which we have referred observes with justice that the Quakers who exposed themselves to these severities were not by any means blameless. Unlike the orderly Society of Friends in the present day, they appear to have taken a delight in annoying the constituted authorities, and disturbing the public peace. Much of this, however, was produced by their sufferings in the first instance; and the more violent amongst them, from a variety of causes, were evidently wrought up to a state of religious insanity. Allowing that they were as troublesome as their worst enemies can possibly represent them, there can now be but one sentiment respecting their treatment—unqualified condemnation of their oppressors. It is true there were laws equally severe against Quakers in Virginia and elsewhere; but this does not lessen the crime of the magistracy of Massachusetts. Descendants of Pilgrim Fathers who fled to the wilderness from persecution, if not themselves refugees, they ought to have sympathised in the eccentricities or convictions of others when placed in similar circumstances. How true is the remark of our author, that 'Religious intolerance was the mistake of the age!'

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

NO. I.

VARRO reckoned that, among the old philosophers, there were 800 opinions concerning the *summum bonum*. Modern philosophers do not appear to have lost the faculty of invention, for M. Reynière, in his *Cours Gastronomique*, affirms that they were acquainted in France with 685 different modes of dressing eggs for table, to say nothing of those which *nos sansas* were discovering every day.

The earliest book in which engravings are found is a *Dante*, printed at Florence in 1481. Monday, the 5th of January 1665, is the date of the first number of the first review, the *Journal des Scavans*, and the first book reviewed was an edition of *Victor Vitensis* and *Vigilius Tapensis*, African bishops of the fifth century, by Father Chiflet, a Jesuit. The review was of small size, and published weekly, each number containing from twelve to sixteen pages.

Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatist, wrote upwards of 2000 original pieces, but not more than 300 of them have been printed. He has himself stated that his average amount of work was five sheets a-day; and it has been calculated that he composed during his life 135,225 sheets, and about 21,300,000 verses.

The earliest instance of the use of linen paper is an Arabic version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript of which bears date in the year 1100.

Pietro Bembo, a noble Venetian, secretary to Leo X., was noted for the fastidious revisions he bestowed upon his compositions. He had forty portfolios, through which each sheet gradually found its way; but no remove was ever made until it had undergone a fresh perusal, and further correction. Mr T. B. Macaulay states in one of his admirable essays, that he has in his possession the variations in a very fine stanza of Ariosto, which the poet had altered a hundred times. Petrarch is said to have made forty-four alterations in one verse. Gibbon wrote his memoir six times over, and after all has left it a fragment. In that work he has mentioned what a number of experiments he made in the composition of his great history, before he could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation. The first chapter was written and re-written three times, and the second and third twice, before he was tolerably satisfied with their effect. Buffon wrote his *Epoques de la Nature* eighteen times before he allowed them to appear in print. Every line of Simondi's *Italian Republics* was written three times, and so were almost the whole of his historical works. As he drew nearer the end of his life, composition was less laborious, and he contented himself with writing parts of the *History of France* twice over only. His revision of what he had written was very careful: he corrected his proofs five or six times, and generally twice read aloud all that he penned.

A shoemaker of the free city of Nuremberg, by name Hans Sachs, composed fifty-three sacred, and twenty-eight profane dramas, sixty-four farces, fifty-nine fables, and a great quantity of other poetry. He was born in 1464.

* American Criminal Trials, by P. W. Chandler. 2 vols. 1860.

The following whimsical will in rhyme was written by William Hunnis, a gentleman of the chapel under Edward VI., and afterwards chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth:—

* To God my souls I do bequeathe, because it is his owne,
My body to be layd in grave, where to my friends best known;
Executors I will none make, thereby great stryfe may grow,
Because the goods that I shall leave wyl not pay all I owe.

The same person wrote a song commencing, 'When first mine eyen did view and mark,' printed in Campbell's *Specimens*, which Mr Hallam mentions with high praise.

Take of the extensive sale which a popular work now-a-days meets with; why, in the year 1511, 1800 copies of the *Encomium Morie* (the *Praise of Folly*), by Erasmus, were disposed of, and in 1527, 24,000 copies of the same writer's *Colloquies* were printed and sold! Of the *De Imitatione Christi*, by old Thomas à Kempis, it has been calculated that 1800 editions have appeared; and sixty editions of the *Orlando Furioso* were published in the sixteenth century.

In 1568 there appeared a translation of Polybius, the patron of which is thus addressed in the dedication:—'Charles Watson wysheth these Argantos' age, Polycretes' prosperity, Augustus' amitie, and after the consummation of this terrestrial tragedy, a seate amongst the celestial hyerarchie.' Mr Watson seems to have been one of those men of compliments, whose 'high-born words' Shakspere has ridiculed in *Love's Labour Lost*. Sir Walter Scott has also given us a specimen of Euphemism, as this inflated phrasology was called, in one of his novels.

Dr Philemon Holland, a translator of Plutarch's *Morals*, having made one pen do service throughout the work, which covered more than a ream of paper, indited this distich at the close of his labours:—

* This booke I wrote with one poor pen, made of a gray-goose quill;
A pen I found it, used before, a pen I leave it still.'

A cousin of Jeremy Bentham's had a notion, that whatever appeared in print was a lie. This was better, perhaps, than believing every published statement to be true. The philosopher, however, intent upon rooting this crotchet out of his relation's head, proceeded logically to work, and pressed him to say whether, in his opinion, if a fact had taken place, the putting it in print would cause it not to have taken place.

One of the *bon mots* which contributed to make Talleyrand so famous as a wit, was his definition of speech as a faculty given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts. The prince-bishop can well afford to give up the credit of having first made this sarcastic observation to an English clergyman. Young mentions some place,

* Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind.'

For the sake of contrast, we may as well add Horne Tooke's proposition:—'The purpose of language is to communicate our thoughts.'

Pratt's edition of Bishop Hall's works, there is a glossary, comprehending upwards of 1100 articles, of obsolete or unusual words employed by him.

What a pretty tale was slaughtered when Mr Grenville Pigott pointed out, in his *Manual of Scandinavian Mythology*, the blundering translation of the passage, in an old Scandinavian poem, relating to the occupation of the blest in the halls of Valhalla, the northern Paradise. 'Soon shall we drink out of the curved horns of the head,' are the words found in the death-song of Regner Lodbrok; meaning by this violent figure to say, that they would imbibe their liquor out of cups formed from the crooked horns of animals. The first translators, however, not seeing their way clearly, rendered the passage, 'Soon shall we drink out of the *skills of our enemies*', and to this strange banqueting there are allusions without end to be met with in our literature. Peter Pindar, for example, once said that the booksellers, like the heroes of Valhalla, drank their wine out of the skulls of authors.

Hooker, the friend of Jewell and Cranmer, all of them

* Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue.'

made, like Socrates, an unfortunate choice of a wife. Sir Edwin Sandys, who had been his pupil, going one day to visit Hooker at his parsonage in Buckinghamshire, found him tending a flock of sheep by the order of his wife. He had a *Hora* in his hand, and was probably endeavouring to console himself with that pleasant picture of a country life which the poet has drawn.

In a German literary history of great merit, there is gravely enumerated, amongst the works which throw light upon the traditional history of King Arthur, a 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by Robert and William Whistlecraft, proposed to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.' This of course was a burlesque.

The story of St Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins is well known. She was a Cornish princess, and set sail with her maiden train for Armorica, the modern Brittany; but by an odd conspiracy of the elements, their fleet was driven up the Rhine as far as Cologne. A tribe of savage Huns massacred the fair multitude, and their bones are shown to this day—a ghastly sight—in that city, where there is a church dedicated to their memory. It has been conjectured, and with great show of reason, that the writer who first transcribed the account mistook the name of the saint's attendant, *Undecimilla*, for the number *undecim milia* (11,000).

The *Orlando Innamorato*, a poem which preceded the more celebrated *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, was written by Count Boiardo of Scandiano, and was first published about 1495. The style is uncouth, abounding with rude Lombardisms; and consequently Berni, about half a century later, undertook the singular task of writing Boiardo's poem over again. He preserved the sense of almost every stanza, though every one was more or less altered, and he inserted a few introductory passages to each canto. The genius of Berni—playful, satirical, and flexible—was admirably fitted to perform this labour; the harsh dialect of the Lower Po was replaced by the racy idiom of Tuscany; and the *Orlando Innamorato* has descended to posterity as the work of two minds remarkably combined in this instance. The sole praise of invention, circumstance, description, and very frequently that of poetical figure and sentiment, belonging to Boiardo; that of style, in the limited use of the word, to Berni. Sir Walter Scott, at one period of his life, made it a practice to read through the two great poems, of which the *Paladin Orlando* is the hero, once every year.

The power of acquiring languages which some men possess is very extraordinary. There was an eastern monarch, named Mithridates, of whom the tradition is, that in an immense polyglot army, composed of a great variety of nations, he could talk to every soldier in his own language. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau of France made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and English languages. So easily did he add a new language to his list, that he always spoke of its acquisition as an amusement. Niebuhr, the learned historian of Rome, and son of the celebrated traveller, was one of the greatest of modern linguists. He had actually mastered nineteen languages in addition to his own. In this showy accomplishment the Russians excel other nations. If you meet a Russ at a table d'hôte abroad, you are sure to find that he converses fluently with the miscellaneous persons about him in their own tongues. And this is the case for obvious reasons. The Slavonic languages have no literature of their own; the Russian, therefore, in order to receive any passable education at all, is made acquainted early in life with other European tongues.

THE PROBABLE APPLICATIONS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

We may anticipate some most singular effects will be produced by the electric current. There is no reason why any great event might not be communicated at the same instant throughout the whole kingdom. The salutes fired on the occasion of her majesty's visit to the House of Lords might be instantaneously repeated at every station on all the railways in England; for the electric flame fires gunpowder, and the explosion of the powder is at the same instant with the crack of the discharge. The expense of Captain Warner's long range is at once spared to the country; instead of blowing up a ship at the moderate distance of six miles by one of his projectiles, we shall be enabled to do so at the distance of a thousand miles. There is, indeed, no reason why one of the lords of the Admiralty should not himself fire the guns of the batteries at Portsmouth, whilst calmly and quietly seated at the board in Whitehall. Nor is there any reason why the electric current may not be made to answer in the more peaceful or even the more elegant accomplishments of life. A galvanic arrangement might be made by which our

accomplished pianista, Madame Dulcken, might, with all the taste and skill which delights her London auditory, perform at the same moment for the gratification and enjoyment of Gosport and Southampton, and wherever a few wires could be conveniently transmitted. We might also observe that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to call upon every butcher to kill the animals used for food by electric galvanism. Each of these persons should have a small galvanic battery for this purpose. Not only is all pain spared to the poor lamb 'whom thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,' but the meat is rendered more tender and more delicate. It is more than half a century since Franklin commenced those experiments which the remorseless hand of war put a stop to, and which have been the precursors of the wonders of the present day. He proposed to give a feast to electricians, when 'a turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the electric shock,' 'roasted by the electric jack, before a fire kindled by the electrified bottle; when the healths of all the famous electricians of England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electric battery.' Were we to indulge in our prognostics of what will yet be done by the powers of electro-galvanism, we should be considered as visionary enthusiasts, and the laugh of the uninitiated would doubtless be loud and long; but already are some of the wonders made known, and nothing but the expense attendant upon them prevents them from being generally brought forward. By its means ships may yet be navigated on the ocean, our cities illuminated, the weather changed, life protracted, some diseases avoided; and we may use the language of him who first by electricity drew lightning from the clouds, 'I shall never have done if I tell you all my conjectures, thoughts, and imaginations, on the nature and operations of this electric fluid.'—*Polytechnic Review for May.*

A CARGO OF WIGS.

Sometimes French ambassadors carry their powers of protection to strange lengths, and apply them to singular purposes. It is related that one La Rose, first valet-de-chambre to M. d'Argental, in 1690, was persuaded by some one in Paris to lay out his savings in wigs, as a good speculation to take to Turkey. Finding, upon reaching Constantinople, that his stock remained on hand, and that he had been duped, he fell into low spirits, and had nigh died of despondency. The ambassador, seeing this, betook himself of applying to the grand vizir, to see if he could not devise some plan for getting rid of the cargo. 'Nothing can be more easy,' replied the sultan's *alter ego*; 'leave the affair to me.' On the following day, a firman was issued, and read in the Jewish synagogues, commanding all Jews to wear wigs. Terrible was the confusion and running to and fro among the unfortunate Israelites of Balat and Khass Kouy. Few knew the meaning of wigs: none knew where to find them. This having quickly reached La Rose's ears, he joyously delivered his store to a broker, who disposed of the whole in a few hours, and the speculator reaped a rich harvest. He was, however, directed by his master not to renew the venture. This was not the only strange proceeding on the part of M. d'Argental: indeed he carried his vagaries so far, that he was eventually put under restraint by his own secretaries.—*Three Years in Constantinople*, by C. White.

PUGNACITY OF THE ROBIN.

A correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History relates the following extraordinary instance of the pugnacity of the robin (*Erythacus Rubecula*):—Hearing one warbling in a tree adjoining my house, I was induced to place on the window-sill a beautifully stuffed specimen of the bird, in the hope that it would attract the attention of his living brother. Nor was I disappointed. The song became louder, and in longer strains; and at last he made a flight of inspection as far as the window. Shortly after he flew up from his tree, and made so violent an attack on the stuffed specimen, as to throw it from a height of two storeys to the ground, pursuing it even while falling, and continuing its violence when down. I then perched it on an empty box in the yard—the live bird remaining within a few feet of me all the time; and, directly I had retired a few paces, the attack was renewed with double vigour, and so obstinately, that I could easily have caught the living combatant. On my withdrawing the stuffed bird from the unequal contest, its opponent resumed his place on the

box, strutting about with an expanded tail and erect attitude, as if claiming and pronouncing a victory. Noticing the bird to be still hovering about the place, I replaced my stuffed specimen on the window-sill, securing the stand by a bradawl; and hardly had I done so before the robin resumed the war by settling on the head of his unconscious foe, digging and pecking at it with such ferocity and violence, that had I not interfered, the utter destruction of my poor specimen must have ensued. The experiment of course was not renewed; but the robin during the rest of the day kept watch in the immediate neighbourhood, and continued chanting his notes of defiance even in the shade of the evening.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

You cannot pay with money

The million sons of toil—

The sailor on the ocean,

The peasant on the soil,

The labourer in the quarry,

The hewer of the coal;

Your money pays the hand,

But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,

Whose turrets meet the sky;

Remember the foundations

That in earth and darkness lie:

For, were not those foundations

So darkly resting there,

Yon towers could never soar up

So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded,

That the palace may be bright;

If the ploughman did not plough,

Then the poet could not write.

Then let every toil be hallowed

That man performs for man,

And have its share of honour

As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,

And enters where it may;

The eyes of all earth's people

Are cheered with one bright day.

And let the mind's true sunshine

Be spread o'er earth as free,

And fill the souls of men,

As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil

Need not have an earthy mind;

The digger 'mid the coal

Need not be in spirit blind:

The mind can shed a light

On each worthy labour done,

As lowliest things are bright

In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,

May lift their heads as men—

Better far than Alexander,

Could he wake to life again,

And think of all his bloodshed,

(And all for nothing too!)

And ask himself—'What made I

As useful as a shoe?'

What cheers the musing student,

The poet, the divine?

The thought that for his followers

A brighter day will shine.

Let every human labourer

Enjoy the vision bright—

Let the thought that comes from heaven

Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,

Rise like a band inspired,

And, poets, let your lyrics

With hope for man be fired;

Till the earth becomes a temple,

And every human heart

Shall join in one great service,

Each happy in his part.

J. GOSTICK.

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